

Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past
Another evening comes at last
It brings me a dream of a once happy ^{day}
Of men I former I've seen
Upon the village green
While sporting with my old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own
Have vanished one by one
The loved ones - the clear ones have all ^{passed away}
Their happy smiles have flown
Their gentle voices gone
One thing left - but old dog Tray

When thought recall the past
This we are on the east

I know that he feels what my heart ^{would say} - fair

Although he cannot speak

I'll wait, wait, seek

A better friend than old dog Gray
6/10

Old dog Gray is ever faithful

Grief cannot drive him away

How gentle he is

I'll never never forget

A better friend than old dog Gray
Kerry